NORTHERN MESSENGER

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

VOLUME XV., No. 8. MONTREAL & NEW YORK, APRIL 15, 1880. SEMI-MONTHLY, 30 CTS. per An., Post-Paid.

TWO IRRITABLE FOUNTAINS.

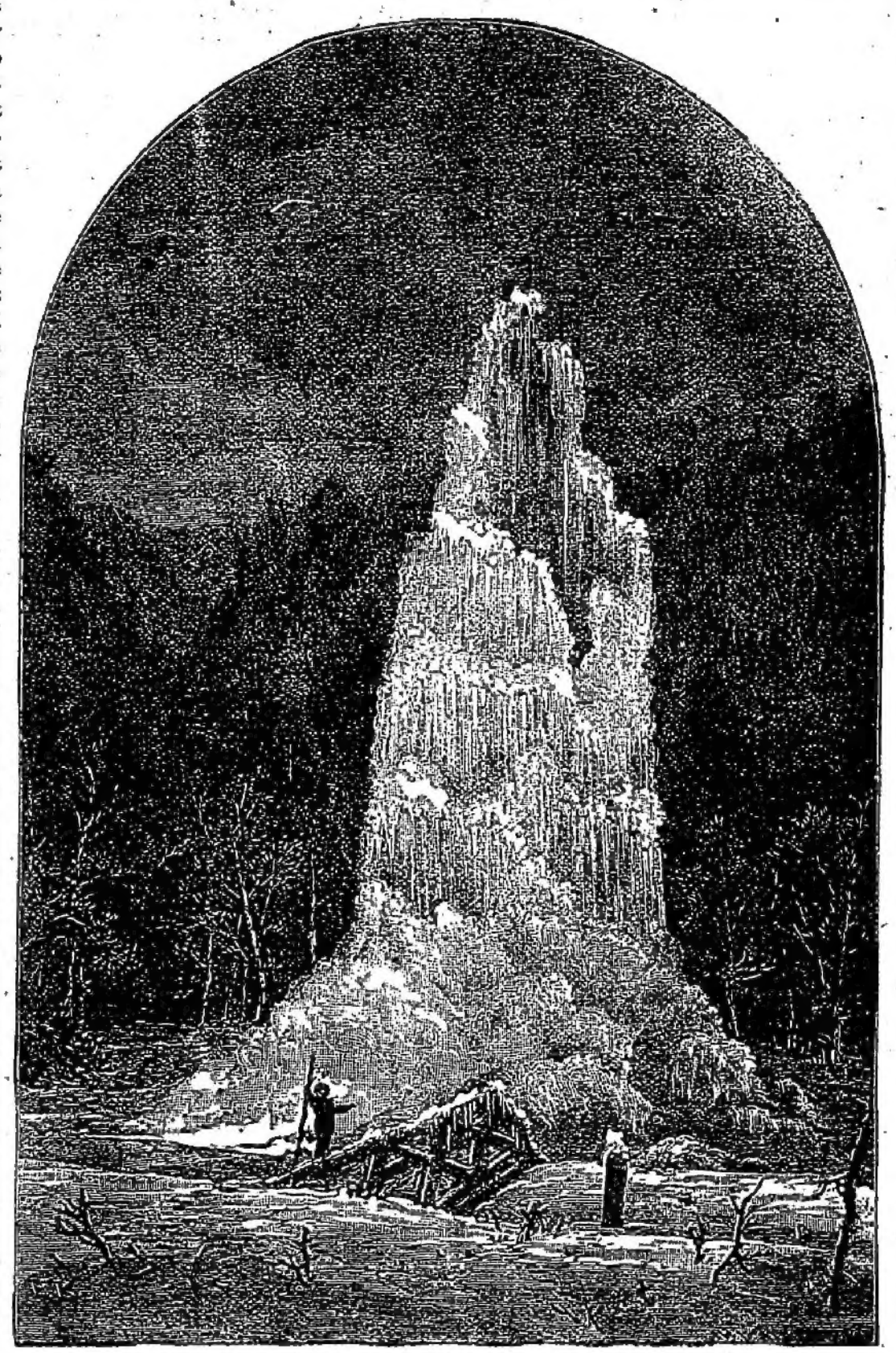
In Iceland are the Geysers, the most remarkable springs in the world. Lord Dufferin, who visited them in 1856, describes a false alarm of the great Geyser, the teasing of the Strokr and an eruption of the great Geyser as follows:

As the baggage-train with our tents and beds had not yet arrived, we fully appreciated our luck in being treated to so dry a night; and having eaten everything we could lay hands on, were set quietly down to chess and coffee brewed in Geyser water; when suddenly it seemed as if beneath our very feet a quantity of subterraneous cannon were going off; the whole earth shook, and Sigurdr, starting to his feet, upset the chess-board (I was just beginning to get the best of the game), and flung off full speed toward the great basin. By the time we reached its brim, however, the noise had ceased and all we could see was a slight movement in the centre, as if an angel had passed by and troubled the water. Irritated at this false alarm, we determined to revenge ourselves by going and tormenting the Strokr. Strokr—or the churn—you must know, is an unfortunate Geyser, with so little command over his temper and his stomach that you can get a rise out of him whenever you like. All that is necessary is to collect a quantity of sods and throw them down his funnel. As he has no basin to protect him from these liberties, you can approach to the very edge of the pipe, about five feet in diameter, and look down at the boiling water which is perpetually seething at the bottom. In a few minutes the dose of turf you have just administered begins to disagree with him; he works himself up into an awful passion—tormented by the qualms of incipient sickness, he groans and hisses and boils up and spits at you with malicious vehemence, until at last, with a roar of mingled pain and rage, he throws up into the air a column of water forty feet high, which carries with it all the sods that have been chucked in and scatters them scalded and half digested at your feet. So irritated has the poor thing's stomach become by the discipline it has undergone, that even long after all foreign matter has been thrown off, it goes on retching and sputtering until at last nature is exhausted, when sobbing and sighing to itself, it sinks back into the bottom of its den.

We had now been keeping watch for three days over the Geyser in languid expectation of the eruption which was to set us free. All the morning of the fourth day I had been playing chess with Sigurdr; Fitzgerald was photographing, Wilson was in the act of announcing luncheon, when a cry from the guides made us start to our feet, and with one common impulse rush toward the basin. The usual subterranean thunders had already commenced. A violent agitation was disturbing the centre of the pool. Suddenly a dome of water lifted itself up to the height of eight or ten feet,—then burst and fell; immediately after which a shining liquid column or rather a sheaf of columns wreathed in robes of vapor sprung into the air, and in a succession of jerking leaps, each higher than the last, flung their silver crests against the sky. For a few minutes the fountain held its own, then all at once appeared to lose its ascending energy. The unstable waters faltered,—drooped,—fell, "like a broken purpose," back upon themselves, and were immediately sucked down into the recesses of their pipe.

The spectacle was certainly magnificent; but no description can give any idea of its most striking features. The enormous wealth of water, its vitality, its hidden power,—the illimitable breadth of sunlit vapor, rolling out in exhaustless profusion,—all combined to make one feel the stupendous energy of nature's slightest movements.

And yet I do not believe the exhibition was so fine as some that have been seen; from the first burst upward, to the moment the last jet retreated into the pipe, was no more than a space of seven or eight minutes, and at no moment did the crown of the column reach higher than sixty or seventy feet above the surface of the basin. Now, early travellers talk of three hundred feet, which must, of course, be fabulous; but many trustworthy persons have judged the eruptions at two hundred feet, while well-authenticated accounts—when the elevation of the jet has been actually measured—make it to have attained a height of upward of one hundred feet.



THE FLOWING FOUNTAIN OF KOUR IN WINTER.

So much for the Geysers of the frozen North. Our picture is of one nearer home. At the town of Kour on the summit of the Alleghany Mountains, in May, 1878, a well was sunk over two thousand feet without oil, which was searched for, being found; but vein after vein of oil gas, sufficient to illuminate a city was struck. There being no hope of oil being reached the casing was pulled down, since which time the well has attracted much attention from the remarkable phenomena it exhibits. The hole fills rapidly with water which remains until a sufficient head of gas accumulates to throw it off. To overcome the weight of a column of water a third of a mile in depth, it will be readily understood is no trifle. At intervals of six and ten minutes it is expelled with great violence, commonly rising over a hundred feet into the air. The gas and water are thoroughly intermingled, and, on being fired, give rise to what may be termed night rainbows of singular beauty and variety of coloring. In the winter the foam that is thrown up freezes and gradually forms a huge cone of inconceivable grandeur. The picture shows the appearance of the fountain last winter when it was estimated to measure over one hundred feet in height.

—o—

"EVERY CENT."—A certain rich man had died. He had been the possessor of great wealth. It was asked by one person of another, "How much did he leave?" "Every cent," was the reply. He was a man of the world, and had his portion in this life. He laid up treasure for himself, and was not rich toward God. He had no care to lay up treasures in heaven; and when he died, his all was left behind. "And in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments," so poor that he had not wherewith to procure even a drop of water. If we would be rich for eternity, we must live for eternity. We must "seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness."—*American Messenger.*

THE BRAVE MAN is not he who feels no fear, for that were stupid and irrational, but he whose noble soul its fear stubdues, and bravely dares the danger which it shrinks from.—*Joanna Baillie.*

AUBURT
GALLON ONE

Temperance Department.

BOB'S TALKING LEG.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHALK YOUR OWN DOOR."

"That wooden leg of yours must be rather inconvenient."

"Maybe, sir; but I walk with it better than when I had the nateral pair complete."

Bob was our crossing-sweeper, and a sort of public messenger—self-established, but recognized in time as one of the institutions of the Bank. The road just opposite our main entrance was rather wide for a country town, and it was here Bob kept a path carefully swept in all weathers.

When employed by the Bank or one of the tradesmen with a message, Bob would leave his broom leaning against the letter-box, and go his way quite certain that the most mischievous boy in the place would not interfere with it. Bob was so good-natured and kind to all that even his broom was respected.

He was a bit of a character, and generally wore a post-boy's cap and an old red hunting coat when on duty. But these were only sort of trade signs, and work done, Bob put aside his "uniform" and assumed the garb of a respectable laborer.

And a laborer he had been once upon a time—a man well-known in the town, and not a little notorious for his drinking; but he shall tell his own story. Listen to him as he relates it to me.

"Walk better with a wooden leg than with two sound ones!" I said; "how can that be? I cannot fancy a wooden leg would be better than either of mine."

"I was not speaking of your legs, sir," replied Bob, dryly, "but of the pair I had. They were not given to walking very straight."

"That must have been your fault, Bob," I said.

"Well, yes, sir," he said, "of course it was; but I was speaking in a sort of meddlefor, you see."

"I *hear* you are fond of metaphor," I returned; "but tell me about this leg of yours. How did you get it?"

"Drink gave it to me," replied Bob; "and I must say that it ain't very grateful to drink in return; for although it makes noise enough in ordinary, it knocks double as loud whenever I'm nigh a public-house. It says 'Don't' as plainly as you can, sir—meaning, don't go in. I was once nearly led back into the old ways and was going into 'The King's Head' with a friend as I hadn't seen for years, but this leg wouldn't go in; t'other went over the step right enough, but the wooden one tripped up, and down I went. 'All right,' I say, 'you knows how I got you, and I'll go back again,' and out I went, dragging my friend with me.

"Of course," he added, "I don't mean to say as the leg knows what it's doing—that's my meddlefor way of speaking; but it's there, and it is always stumping out the same story, 'Don't drink,' 'Don't Drink.' Just you listen to it.

He stumped rapidly up and down in front of me, and really the leg and his sound foot gave out sounds not unlike the words he had spoken.

"You hear, sir," he said, "the wooden leg says 'Don't' and t'other says 'drink.' Put 'em both together and you've got good advice—'Don't drink.'"

"Undoubtedly," I replied; "But will you tell me how you came to lose your limb? It is a quiet day, and you are not likely to be interrupted for a few minutes."

"It's soon told," said Bob. "Eight years ago I was a bricklayer's laborer—a smart, active fellow when I hadn't a drinking fit on; but I used to break out for the week and fortnight at a time, and leave my work, and starve them at home in the way of drunkards generally. When the drink's in, kindness and love and industry is out, which is a piece of meddlefor I'll thank you to make a note of."

I promised not to forget it, and, with his hands crossed on the top of his broom, he went on with his story.

"When sober, I worked as a runner. I headed a gang of laborers, and timed 'em as it were. If there isn't a runner they don't keep up to the work, and get into confusion. One day, when I was a little the worse for drink, I went to the works, and kept at it all right until eleven o'clock, when a man from a public-house close by came round. I had two pints of him, and that, with what I had taken, finished me. The next time I went up the ladder I lost my hold, and the sky seemed to turn right over; then I heard a shout, and I lost my senses.

"When I came to," he said, "I found myself in a bed at the hospital, with a sensation of being as helpless as a child. At first I didn't feel any pain, but soon my leg began to throb, and I was going to put my hand down, when the nurse as was close by stops me.

"'Don't touch it,' she said; 'you've injured yourself.' They gave me some medicine, and it soothed me, and I went off to sleep. When I woke again several grave-looking gentlemen were standing about the bed talking, but they stopped as soon as it was known I was awake. I asked for my wife, and they said she would come soon to see me. To cut a long story short, sir, one of the kindest told me that my leg must be taken off, or I should lose my life.

"'And what am I to do in the world with one leg, sir?' I asked.

"He told me to leave all to the wisdom of God; but I didn't know much of religion then, and found no comfort in it. That night they gave me something, and I lost my senses. While I was in that state my leg was taken off, and I shan't forget the feeling when I came round and found it gone.

"And yet it wasn't exactly the feeling in the leg that told me so, for at first I fancied it was still there; and what is more, I feel it now, and a very curious thing it is. But I'll get back to the hospital, where, after my leg was taken off, my poor wife used to come and cry over me as if I had been one of the best of husbands, instead of one of the worst; but women, speaking in meddlefor, are angels on earth, they are.

"With my wife a gentleman used to come. He was grave and quiet and kind, and I recognized him through having often seen him down our street visiting the sick and poor. I wouldn't have nothing to do with him in the old days, but lying there maimed and helpless, I was glad enough to listen to him, and I'm thankful to this day that I did so; for there I first really understood what salvation through the Saviour meant for me and other sinners, and learnt to see the blessings of a sober life.

"I was a long time getting well, for my constitution was terribly cut up, and it was supposed at one time that I could not live; but prayer and faith saved me, and I got about at last full of good resolves and hopes for the future.

"Being only a laborer, I wasn't fit for much with a wooden leg; so after casting about, I thought I'd take this crossing—the man who had it afore having just died of drink—and try to get a little public messengering. The young gentlemen inside the bank has their little joke, and calls me the 'Dot and carry one,' but I don't mind that. I shall not object to my leg so long as it keeps on saying 'Don't,' and the other leg may say 'drink' as often as it likes—Don't drink. I've told lots of people what my legs say, and some as do drink thinks it funny to call me 'The man with the talking leg.'

"And this wooden leg have done some good to others too. When I came out of the hospital and stumped round to my mates, and told 'em what I'd suffered and that I'd signed the pledge, five of 'em did the same, and three have kept it to this day. The other two went back, and one is dead and t'other nobody knows where. He left a wife and three children behind him.

"When first I took my stand here I got hardly any messages. I had a bad name and people mistrusted my leg, but when they got to know that it was a leg that wouldn't go into a public-house, work began to roll in. On Saturday I'm running about all day, and I lose a lot at the crossing no doubt; but the messenger money is fairly earned, while a shilling a day gained at the crossing is very fair pay. I sweeps it in the morning about seven, then again at nine, and so on every two hours if I am here, and if you put it all together you won't make more than an hour's fair work of it. I like the messengering, as it's honest labor, and I'm trusted, and it fits in with t'other, so that I'm hardly ever idle."

"And what do you make per week?" I asked.

"One way and another about as much as I did as a laborer," Bob replied; "and the missus does a bit of washing and clear-starching." (Bob himself was renowned for the linen he wore), "and we've got three children, and a little picture of a home. Mr. Sawyer, the photographer, he took me here one morning, and he put a lot of my pictures in his window. I've got one at home he gave me, but it ain't quite right. He ought to have done the jacket red, and it came out white; but the leg it took splendid, and that's the chief p'int. They do tell me that the publicans hate the very sound of my leg, as the noise it makes is a sort of accusation against 'em, and I do know that it is often cast into their teeth by angry customers.

"So you see, sir," said Bob, in conclusion, "that I walk better in every way since I had this wooden leg, and I'm content to travel so until it shall please God to call me away to Heaven where Jesus has perfected all things, and where He will reign forever."

A voice from a house on the opposite side called Bob from me, and I walked away, musing upon what I had heard. The story was not without profit to me, and I trust it will be of benefit to the reader who has yet to realize the deadly work drink is everywhere doing in this fair land of ours.—*British Workman.*

THE DRINK TRAFFIC AND TAXATION.

When an opponent of Permissive Bills, local option schemes, and other proposals for the extinction of the liquor traffic, finds himself at a loss for an argument in favor of the present system, which lines our principal streets with public-houses, and plants one at every corner, he almost invariably takes refuge in the plea that a gigantic liquor traffic is, at all events, a good thing for the public Treasury. Of course, it is the fact that the revenue derived from the trade in intoxicants is enormous. "Aye," exclaims the defender of things as they are, "what would you do without it?" This is generally regarded as an extinguisher. The other day Mr. Sheridan, M.P., found himself debarred from attending a licensed victuallers' dinner, and as he appears to have felt it desirable that he should send something more than a bare intimation of his inability to be present, he wrote in condemnation of Sir Wilfrid Lawson's Permissive Bill. Then he said: "But should such a bill pass, from what source could a Minister make up the loss to revenue? No Government would stand a day that proposed to put these duties on tea, sugar, tobacco, or articles of food. Whence, then, could the millions come from? Income tax alone could supply them. But would the people submit to such enormous taxation—to strain all the resources of the nation so violently that no margin, no elasticity, would be left for the exigencies of any sudden necessity? No, they would not. It should be the policy of the licensed victuallers to induce Mr. Gladstone to renew his intention of abolishing the income tax. Then you would see the end of the Permissive question, unless private subscriptions would provide the vast funds necessary to make up the loss of duty and the fund for compensation." A statement fuller of fallacies it would be difficult to construct. To say that the income tax alone could be made to supply the millions that are now extracted from the liquor traffic is preposterous, and the idea that if Mr. Gladstone would "renew his intention of abolishing the income tax" there would be an end of "the Permissive question" is farcical. There are a hundred ways in which the loss of revenue might be made up, the most just and least oppressive of which, perhaps, would consist in a revision of the land tax.

There are many points which Mr. Sheridan, and those who hold with him the view to which we are calling attention, ought to consider before they conclude to be insuperable the revenue difficulty that troubles their minds. The Government now receives more than thirty millions per annum from wine, spirits, malt, and license duties; and there is no doubt that as all these duties are collected through the trade, fifty per cent must be added for traders' profits. All these taxes are as capital invested in the business, and are made to yield at least as much as we have stated. On account of taxation alone, therefore, the people are paying forty-five millions a year for their liquor. The adoption of the Permissive Bill by the people—and not merely, as Mr. Sheridan seems to suppose, its enactment by Parliament—would, of course, put an end to this gigantic payment. But it would not therefore be necessary to raise forty-five millions from other sources. The Government only get thirty millions, and by collecting that amount direct from the people, instead of through the trade, fifteen millions would be saved at a single stroke. Mr. Sheridan evidently never thought of this. Besides, the abolition of the liquor traffic would be immediately followed by a decrease in the public expenditure. Millions per annum would be saved on our police forces, gaols, workhouses, and lunatic asylums. There would be an immediate and a growing decrease in local expenditure, and therefore in the rates, so that the tax-payer would gain every way. Then there would be the advantage, in the more direct taxation, of making the people to know and feel what they were really paying for the purposes of Government, and a far more economical expenditure might be expected to follow.

In saying what we have said, it must not be supposed that we are advocating the total and immediate suppression of the liquor trade. We believe that to be wholly impossible; but we are anxious to show that the revenue difficulty need not stand in the way of even sweeping changes. It is monstrous to contend—as Mr. Sheridan, by implication, contends—that we must continue to endure drunkenness, and the rivers of evil which flow from it, merely because some fresh scheme of taxation would be required. To take up that position would be to preclude ourselves from doing anything toward diminishing what is on all hands admitted to be one of the greatest curses with which England is scourged, for at least half the trade, and therefore half the revenue, is due, not to the moderate use of alcoholic drinks, but to their gross abuse.—*Leeds Express.*

WHY NOT.

"There's no use trying; I know I can't do it," pleaded a son when urged by his father to go forward in a certain line of duty.

"I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me," solemnly repeated the father, at the same time thrusting a generous pinch of fine-cut into his mouth.

"Then, father, why don't you stop chewing tobacco?" was the quick, if not quite respectful rejoinder, of the lad.

Why not, indeed? We have heard a great many Christian men mourn over their inability to break away from old-time habits in the use of the weed. We ask, with the boy: Is not the grace of God sufficient for this thing?—*Church and Home.*

A NOTABLE PAUPER died a few weeks ago in Charlton work-house, England, at the age of sixty-four. His name was Charles Cartwright. He was a man of education, and had once possessed wealth. He had run through two fortunes, one of $200,000, and one of $400,000, spending the money chiefly in ostentatious living, and when utterly destitute had gone to the work-house, where he lived quietly and contentedly for many years, earning a few luxuries for himself by writing poems for the country papers and sermons for neighboring clergymen. Occasionally his friends would take him away, and grant him an allowance; but their efforts were always useless, as he instantly resumed his old habits, frequented the dearest restaurants, smoked the most expensive cigars, and drove about in cabs. At last he died in the work-house, having never, the clerk thought, been unhappy, though the chairman on that point snubbed the clerk, asking if he supposed that any contented man would ever write sermons.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the word of our God shall stand forever.

ISA. 40: 8.

Agricultural Department.

CARE OF MILK.

Milk is a highly complex and delicate compound, composed of 87 per cent. of water, and the balance of fat, caseine, albumen, sugar and various salts. The fat is a greedy absorbent of odors, and is totally indifferent as to whether they are clean or foul. One branch of perfumery is carried on by the use of fat, which is made to come in contact with odorous leaves and absorb their perfume. But contact is not necessary. If these odors are in the air, the fat will take them from the air as well as from the leaves of flowers. Placed in proximity to kerosene, onions, codfish, assafœtida, or any other rank-smelling substance, it will absorb the respective odors of these substances and impart their flavor to the taste. Even the burning of a kerosene lamp in a milk-room has been known to flavor the butter made from the cream exposed to its odor. Milk will absorb the odors and flavors of the kitchen, if by any means it comes in contact with them. Mustiness in the milk-room and all unpleasant smells, taint and flavor the milk set in it and the products made from the milk. So any agreeable odors, as of sweet herbs in the room, or of roses, or of apple blossoms, or of clover blowing into the milk-room, will scent and flavor the fats of the milk; and some dairy-women have been known to use herbs and other perfumes for scenting the milk-room that these odors may make the butter more delicious. An observing butter-maker recently said to the writer, that there is no season of the year when such delicious butter can be made as in the last of May and first of June, when the atmosphere is redolent with the odors of flowers, which are inhaled by the cows, and float into the open windows of the milk-room. Milk is also subject to injury from imbibing the invisible but yet innumerable organisms and seeds of organisms forever floating in the air. Milk, being of such a complex character, affords a prolific field for them to feed in and propagate. These are in a clean atmosphere. In a foul one are found additional, more offensive and more destructive agents. Some agents of decay may come from the pail, the strainer, or other article with which the milk comes in contact.

It was once thought that the oxygen of the atmosphere was the cause of the rapid souring of milk and its early decay. It was called "the acid-maker." But experiment has shown that oxygen is purifying and preservative of milk and water, and that the destructive agents are the invisible atoms of organic life floating everywhere, and most where the air is foul with the exhalations of decaying substances and is moist, stagnant, and at a favorable temperature. Hence it is that milk some days, when the air is hot and vapory, sours so much quicker than it does others. A current of oxygen would destroy, cause to burn up, the developing organisms and retard fermentation, just as it purifies our running streams, which may have a stagnant source but become pure, sweet and healthful after running a few miles exposed to the air. Hence thorough ventilation of the milkroom is essential, and it is necessary that it should be clean and sweet, outside and in, that none but pure air may enter Care should be taken to prevent a draught of air from blowing directly on the milk, and equal care should be taken that the moisture and all exhalations from the cooling milk pass off instead of settling on the milk and on the shelves, walls, window-sills and floor. The air thus kept in motion floats off the spores of invisible organisms, which delight in stagnant places, and gives them no time to settle down and germinate It also, in the same way carries off all foul gases and atoms, which, if allowed to rest, become elements of decay.

All pails, strainers, cans, vats and the tools used in milk, should be made of sweet materials that will not absorb any portion of the constituents of the milk, and in such a way as to avoid all rough surfaces and sharp corners, in which particles of milk can lodge and become the seeds of taint and ferment. So far as we know, there is nothing better than genuine tin-ware, no lead or other poisonous, corrosive metal being used in the process of putting on the coating of tin. Next to this material are close-grained sweet woods, such as clear pine, oak and white ash. In cleaning these articles, too much pains cannot be taken to remove every particle of milk. They should be scalded with boiling water, night and morning, or every time they are used, after first being thoroughly cleaned with tepid water. This will kill the seed of invisible organisms, many of which cannot be destroyed by a lower temperature, and some of which will not yield up life at a temperature below 400° or 500°. Further, only water free from organic matter should be used in cleansing milk utensils. Disastrous consequences have been traced to the use of foul water for washing milk cans and milk pails.

Too close proximity to the barnyard or a decaying manure heap; a pig pen near by; a slop-hole, where the wash and slop water from the house are thrown; uncleanness under the milk-room floor, a place almost always damp and musty; milk spilt on the floor to gather in the cracks or rough places, or spattered against the wall and left to dry on and decay; foul gutters and sluiceways; the foul air blown from a privy, or some pile of decaying vegetable matter; scents from the kitchen and washroom, because of too close proximity; uncleanliness of the person and garments of the dairyman or dairymaid—all or any of these may be sources of contamination. No air but what is as sweet as that which blows over the green fields should enter the milk-room, and no more persons should enter than is absolutely necessary, and these, though scrupulously clean, should get out of it as soon as possible and be in it as little as possible—for their breathing the air and the insensible perspiration from their bodies, to say nothing of the sensible perspiration, are sources of contamination. Milkers should never pass from the milking stalls into the milk-room, as they cannot do it without carrying with them more or less of the inevitable odors of the stable, to which the milk has already been too much exposed. In short, in every sense, a milk-room or factory should be a model of neatness and sweetness.—*T. D. Curtis, in Northern Advocate.*

STARVATION FOR WIRE-WORMS.

A *Tribune* enquirer, writing from Michigan, desires information in relation to the treatment of low river-bottom land, on which he has failed to get a catch of cultivated grass. He says the original sod of wild grass was turned over and a fair crop of buckwheat grown; but the seeding of a cultivated grass was a failure, at least in spots. That the next season the land was well prepared and planted to corn, which wire-worms destroyed. The corn crop being destroyed by wire-worms is evidence that the same insect destroyed the grass seeding. I have never known any crop to grow uninjured, except buckwheat, on land infested with wire-worms. Weeds and some wild grasses, having a hard and tough root, like the buckwheat, will grow; but the more delicate grasses and grain crops are destroyed. The best means of getting rid of the worms is to starve them, or they may be otherwise destroyed by the liberal use of salt, say at the rate of two barrels per acre; or sowing two crops of buckwheat in succession, keeping the land well cultivated during the time the crops do not occupy it, so that the worms can find nothing to feed upon, will starve them, as they cannot feed on the buckwheat root, it being too hard.

I have in two instances destroyed this insect by a thorough summer-fallow. A field of some ten acres of flat and mucky land was so full of worms that no crop could be successfully grown. This I desired to cultivate. The land was plowed late in the fall, and the following season plowed four or five times, at intervals, so that nothing was allowed to grow, since which time, some twenty years ago, no worms have been seen or their work. In another case a field of about twenty acres had been much damaged by them It was summer-fallowed and ploughed but three times, with intermediate cultivation with harrow and cultivator, so that nothing grew and no signs of the worm have appeared since, which was some six years ago, a crop of grain or grass having been grown annually since. I would advise the enquirer to summer-fallow his land one season in this thorough manner, allowing nothing to grow to feed the worms; then seed, first of October, to grass, of such variety as he desires to raise, without any grain crop with it, and I think he will gain his object of a good seeding.—*Weekly Tribune.*

GRASS IN ORCHARDS.

For the past quarter of a century the question of "grass or no grass" has been vigorously discussed by orchardists, seemingly without much progress toward a decision. That many orchards have remained healthy and productive in land that has been kept seeded down as meadows and pastures no one will pretend to deny; but whether it would be best to adopt this system generally would be, to say the least, very doubtful. A system of cultivation or non-cultivation of trees which works well in one climate and soil, bringing as good results as the orchardists could wish, may not answer at all under different circumstances. Consequently, there must be a variation in management to meet varying conditions. Every farmer knows that the soil gets dry much sooner under sod than where the land is kept under cultivation and is stirred often during the summer months. For this reason, if for no other, some kind of hoed or cultivated crop is generally recommended as most suitable for young orchards, and in some soils and localities it is not advisable to seed down land among fruit trees at any time; for when this is done growth both of tree and fruit ceases.

If the soil is naturally too moist to insure a healthy, vigorous growth of the trees, under-draining would certainly be the best way to remedy the evil; but seeding down to grass might answer, and we may say, does answer in many good fruit-growing regions, for there are very few farmers who have ever attempted to under-drain land previous to planting it with trees. After the apple trees have become well established—that is, five to ten years planted—the general practice is to seed the land down and use it as a meadow, and this plan has worked well in most of the Northern States, where the soil is a deep, rich, and moist clay; but in light soils this system will seldom answer, as the trees do not get sufficient moisture in summer to keep up a vigorous growth, the grass over their roots taking the greater part of that which falls during the spring and summer rains. If the land has an uneven surface, so much the worse, for it requires a very heavy and long-continued shower to soak through a tough sward, the greater part of the water passing off on the surface to the lower lands adjacent. Keeping a space about the stems of the trees dug up and clear of grass and weeds may in part remedy the evil, still, there is nothing like keeping the entire surface under the plough, if there is any danger of a scarcity of moisture at the roots during the growing season.

Another point which we fear some orchardists have overlooked is that insects are far more troublesome to orchards kept in grass than those constantly cultivated. This is especially true with the common apple-tree borer, which is naturally very shy and seems to have a liking for trees the stems of which are surrounded with grass or weeds. Of course, it is not advisable to plough deep enough in orchards to disturb or break many roots; but where the land is kept constantly under cultivation the roots do not usually grow as near the surface as when the soil is not disturbed, so that there is little danger of injury if the ploughman is moderately careful in his work.

To sum up this matter of cultivation or no cultivation of orchards, we should say that in heavy, moist soils seeding the land down is admissible, and often advisable, as it saves the farmer much trouble and expense; but in light soils and where droughts are likely to occur it is not, and the man who attempts to keep his trees in sod will sooner or later find that he has made a mistake.—*Weekly Sun.*

AGRICULTURAL SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS.—France has these schools for girls. One of the chief is near Rouen, which is said to have been begun with a capital of one franc by a Sister of Charity and two little discharged prison girls, and to be now worth $100,000. This establishment has 300 girls, from 6 to 18. The farm, entirely cultivated by them, is over 400 acres in extent. Twenty-five Sisters form the staff of teachers. More than one medal of the French Agricultural Society has been awarded to this establishment at Darnetel, and the pupils are in great demand all over Normandy, on account of their skill. They go out as stewards, gardeners, farm managers, dairywomen, and laundresses. Each girl has on leaving an outfit and a small sum of money, earned in spare hours. If they want a home they can always return to Darnetel, which they are taught to regard as home.—*Ex.*

DOMESTIC.

INK ON THE CARPET.—Ink freshly spilled upon the carpet should at once be taken up with soft paper or a slightly damp sponge, or even a damp cloth, care being exercised not to spread the spot. After all is taken up that can be, wet the sponge—after first washing it clean—in warm water, and thoroughly scrub the spot on the carpet. When no more can be washed out, wet the spot with a weak solution of oxalic acid, and, after a few moments, wash off with cold water, and finally sponge with a weak ammonia water, to neutralize any of the acid that may remain in the carpet.

A CHEAP AND GOOD PUDDING.—Half a teacupful of thick cream, or, if you have it not, two cups of sweet-milk, half a cup of molasses, enough Graham flour to make a pretty stiff batter, one and-a-half cups of currants, and a cup of raisins, well floured. One teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little hot water, stirred in at last, makes it light. Grease a tin pudding-dish, pour in the mixture, and steam well for three hours, when you can turn it out on a platter. It is one of the plainest and most wholesome of plum-puddings, and is especially relished by the children. A simple sauce to use with it is made by mixing one teaspoonful of butter in a tablespoonful of flour, adding a pint of boiling water, and letting it simmer on the top of the stove until the flour is perfectly cooked, then add three tablespoonfuls of yellow sugar, and some lemon juice, or a very few drops of some agreeable extract for a flavor.

ENGRAVED TRANSPARENCY.—Take a plate of clear glass, of the size desired, and with white alcoholic varnish cover one side twice, letting it dry well the first time, but having it so fresh from the second coat that your finger will adhere to it when you put the picture on it. Prepare the engraving in the following manner:—All the white paper must be cut off close to the edges of the picture, then lay it face down on a table and moisten it all over with a damp sponge. Place it between two leaves of blotting-paper to absorb a part of the dampness. Then lay the picture, face down, upon the varnished glass, pressing it down carefully that there may be no air blisters, and leave it to dry. When perfectly dry, moisten it with a sponge, and rub it lightly backward and forward with the fingers, so as to remove the damp in small rolls. When the picture begins to appear, take great care not to rub through and so destroy the impression. Let it dry and then give it a coat of varnish; this will make it perfectly transparent. Bind it about the edge with a narrow ribbon, with a loop of the same to suspend it by.—*The Methodist.*

WHAT TO EAT.—A dish equal to the best steak, and cheap enough for any man, is prepared from a shank of beef with some meat on it. Have the bone well broken; wash carefully to remove bits of bone; cover with cold water; watch when the boiling begins, and take off the scum that rises. Stew five or six hours, till the muscles are dissolved. Break the meat small with a fork (far better than chopping), put it in a bread-pan, boil down the gravy till in cooling it will turn to a stiff jelly. Where this is done, gelatine is quite superfluous. Add salt, and if liked, other seasoning, and pour it hot upon the meat. Stir together and set aside over night, when it will cut into handsome mottled slices for breakfast or supper. When the dish is wanted to be as beautiful as possible, cool in a jelly mould, and when it is turned out for the table, garnish with parsley. If there is more meat than it is desirable to prepare in this way, enough can be reserved to make a few mince-pies. Some nicely cooked macaroni, which has the nutritious properties of lean meat, can be mixed with the meat before cooling, and will add to the appearance. A little chopped celery added to the gravy when almost done will give it a delicious flavor, and might prove a good method of cultivating the taste, where that is necessary, for one of the best articles yet discovered for strengthening the nerves.

A THORNY PATH.

(By Hesba Stretton, author of "Jessica's First Prayer," Etc.)

CHAPTER XIII.—(*Continued.*)

"She's tomin' back aden," asserted Dot, positively, and as Don took no notice of her, being plunged once more into the depths of grief, she danced up and down before him, singing, "She's tomin' back aden, old Don; she's tomin' back aden."

By dint of fasting all day, and persuading Dot to eat stale bread which he bought cheaply, and soaked in the water at a drinking fountain, Don had fourpence remaining when night fell. He knew well enough that the charge would be sixpence for himself and Dot, fourpence if he had been alone. With an anxious heart he made his way back to his lodging of the night before, and laid down his four pennies on the landlady's table by the door. He was passing on, holding Dot fast by the hand, when the woman stopped him.

"There's the little girl," she said.

"I havn't got a penny left; not one farthing," answered Don, with a desperate earnestness, "and it's a bitter cold night, or we'd have slept out of doors. I'd leave her alone, and sleep out myself, but she'd be cryin' all night, and what could you do with her? We'll only take up as much room as one; and I'll pay you as soon as ever I can."

The woman looked out into the dark street, and saw the March rain and sleet drifting before the wind. Little Dot was half asleep already, clinging drowsily to Don's hand. The landlady nodded silently, and beckoned him to go on into the close, warm room beyond. When Don stretched his weary limbs upon the miserable bed, gnawed with hunger as he was, but with little Dot safe and sleeping peacefully beside him, a smile came across his face, and he whispered as if he hoped some ear would hear him, "Thank you, God!"

CHAP. XIV.—NO SIGN FROM GOD.

The shock to Hagar of thinking her child was found, and then discovering it to be a mistake, threw her back once more in health, both of body and mind. She did not mourn greatly when they told her of her father's death; it was almost a relief to learn that he had died quietly, and that his sufferings and wanderings were ended But the mysterious disappearance of Dot, and the utter failure of all Abbott's efforts to trace her, preyed upon her depressed spirits Mrs. Clack's companionship seemed to comfort her more than any other, and when work was slack at the dressmaker's she would go to stay with her, in the little room that had been Dot's last home, for a day or two, repaying the old woman by the skill with which she re-made the cast-off wardrobes she had purchased, and which she sold again more profitably after Hagar's clever fingers had been at work upon them.

Mrs. Clack had her own personal and special grief in the non-appearance of Don, whose return she had hopefully anticipated.

If any one could find Dot again, it would be Don. She went to enquire after him at the fever hospital, and was referred to the Convalescent Home, but her letter to the matron there brought back the news that he had had his fare paid up to London, and had been actually seen into the train, but nothing had been heard of him since, though he had promised faithfully to get Mrs. Clack to write for him. They were disappointed in Don, who had seemed a very promising and grateful boy. As week after week passed by, and no Don, appeared, Mrs. Clack was compelled to give him up, and mourn over him as lost to her for a time. No one had seen him, except the cripple, and he had grown too much afraid of the consequences to confess the cruel trick he had played upon him.

FOREBODINGS.

The summer was bright and warm, with a long continuance of pleasant weather The hardships of London life abated, and the poorest and feeblest found a brief season of relief from crushing poverty. The children passed the livelong summer days out of doors, some of the boldest pushing their way out of the sultry streets to the green freshness of the parks. The trees in Kensington Gardens were full of leaves, and the high branches, meeting and arching overhead, formed a thick and welcome shade from the hot sun. The thrushes and blackbirds sang as blithely, and the rooks cawed amidst their nests in the topmost forks of the tall elms, as if there were no noise and smoke of a busy city all about them. Once or twice in the cool of the evening Abbott heard the soft, low cooing of a wood-pigeon where the trees were thickest, uttered shyly amidst the bold and constant twittering of hundreds of other birds in the leafy branches above him. He tried to persuade Hagar to enter the Gardens, but in vain; she could not conquer her sorrowful dread of them. She shut herself up day after day of the summer time, in her hot little attic under the roof.

"Hagar," he said one evening, when he went up to see her, and found her with a worn face and thin fingers stitching away at some work without pause or rest, "Hagar, you want a sign that God loves you and forgives you. Would it help you if I told you I love you, though I know all you've done? If you'd only be my wife I'd do all I could to make you happy again."

"It's out of pity," answered Hagar, dropping her work, and lifting up her bowed head to look at him.

"Ay! it was pity at first," he said; "I know it was pity; but it's love now. I'm thinking of you day and night, and pondering over what I can do for you; how I can comfort you. I can't find little Dot; but if you'll be my wife, I'll love you truly, and do all I can to make you happy."

"I don't deserve to be happy," replied Hagar, weeping. "If I'd only known God then as I know Him now, I couldn't have forsook them, and suppose we'd died together somewhere, it would be better than being as I am now. I can't forgive myself; and I can't see how God can forgive me. He can't undo the wicked thing I did; and there's no misery like being wicked. But I'll try to believe God loves me. Some day or other, perhaps, He'll let me know I'm forgiven, even if I never find little Dot."

"And some day," said Abbott, "you'll be my wife?"

"I couldn't be," she answered, looking at him steadfastly, with her dark, sunken eyes; "I'm too heavily laden with trouble yet. I couldn't be happy in Heaven itself. I know God must let us feel how bitter sin is, or we might fall into it again. It's right I should feel sorrowful for what I've done. I should only make you miserable too, if I was your wife now."

"Must I find Dot before you will marry me?" he asked, patiently, seeing how deep her trouble was.

"Oh!" she cried, "if she is not found soon, I shall not know her again; little children change so! It's eight months already since I saw her; and if she's been ill, or if any accident's happened to her, she might be changed past knowing again. That's what I'm afraid of always. Suppose she was a year or two in the workhouse, and grew like the workhouse children, perhaps I might see her, and not know her again. I might feel as if it was her, and never be quite sure!"

"I'll try again, Hagar," said Abbott, "and if we don't find her before then, we'll be married next Easter at the furthest. That's seven months to come, and you'll be more at peace in yourself; or if not, we'll bear the burden of your trouble together. If I cannot make you happy, you will not

make me miserable, I know." There was a faint smile in Hagar's eyes, though she shook her head dejectedly.

"You are too good for me," she answered; you're the best friend I ever had; but perhaps some day you'll be worn out, too, and forsake me. It would only be what I deserve, and I shan't blame you."

Yet, in spite of herself, it roused and gladdened Hagar's heart to believe that Abbott, who knew all about her, loved her well enough to wish to make her his wife. His search after Dot, which had slackened a little, was renewed with more persevering energy than before; and Hagar, as she grew less downcast, entered into it more earnestly. Yet it was almost a hopeless pursuit; and grew more and more hopeless as the autumn succeeded summer, and itself faded into the chilly dreariness of winter. They followed up the faintest track, and caught up the vaguest rumors of lost children; but with no success. Many a child had been found straying about the streets since March, and had been carried to the workhouse; but not one of them was Dot.

"It's a year next Sunday since I forsook them," said Hagar, one day, as they were returning, baffled and dispirited from some fruitless search, "and if you like, I'll go into the Gardens then."

It was just such another day as the dreary day last November. The yellow fog hung about the trees; and drops of rain fell from the bare branches upon the muddy sward below. There were very few people about, though it was Sunday afternoon; and Abbott and Hagar walked along the sodden paths, undisturbed by the sound of voices or the foot-fall of passer-by.

"If I'd only kept true!" said Hagar, lifting her pale face to the gloomy sky; if I'd only thought of God, and kept true to them! God does love us; I believe it now; but oh! if I'd only known it then, and waited, and seen what He would have done for us. There's the very tree I left my father under; he stood just there, listening as I went away, and little Dot was playing off yonder among the trees, hiding behind them for me to go and find her! How could I be so cruel? It's right I shouldn't find her now. Oh! what a wicked, wicked thing it was to do!"

"But you have repented sorely," said Abbott.

"Yes, sorely, sorely," sobbed Hagar, "God forgives; you say so, and I believe it. I don't think He's angry with me now, and I'm going to try to be a real Christian. Bnt oh! to think of little Dot playing there among the trees, and never to see her again, and never to know what has become of her! I feel as if I didn't know how much I loved her. I couldn't ever forsake her now. It isn't Baby I grieve for, for he's safe and happy in Heaven, and my poor father, he's quiet in the grave. But Dot! I'd be glad to find her lying dead yonder among the trees where I left her playing, rather than never know what's happened to her."

"Cannot you trust her to God?" he asked, gently. "You forget what the Lord Jesus said whilst He was yet alive, when He called a little child unto Him, 'It is not the will of your Father which is in Heaven that one of these little ones should perish.' You do not yet believe that God loves your child more than you love her yourself; ay, and can take care of her better. He can never forget or forsake her."

"Oh! I'll try to believe it," she answered, with deep-drawn sobs.

"I do try to believe all you tell me about God! But, oh! if I'd kept true to them then!"

She said no more, but paced mournfully along the paths she had trodden when she wandered about the Gardens in the night, with her baby slumbering at times, and wailing at times on her bosom. She recalled it all, and fixed it afresh upon her memory, as if she feared it might fade away. Abbott walked beside her in silence, in pitiful patience, until they left the Gardens by the gate where she had fallen under the horses' feet in the darkness of the November morning, and he had first seen her in her utter misery and poverty.

"I'll try to be a good wife to you," she said, as they stood still for a few moments, thinking each of them of that morning. "You are very good to me, and I shall get over it in time maybe; but if I'm ever down-hearted and very sorrowful, you'll know what I'm thinking of, and you'll bear with me?"

"Ay, God helping me!" he answered heartily; "you shall be a happy woman yet, Hagar."

CHAPTER XV. — DON'S THANKSGIVING.

Don began his new task with great energy—the task of providing for little Dot's wants. Fortunately for him the worst part of the winter was over; though the nights were still cold, and many of the spring days were too stormy for a young child to live altogether out of doors. But the daylight lasted long, and the times were busy; it was just the season of the year when work was most plentiful. Even at the East End there was a difference when the West End was filled with its population of wealthy people. From the earliest dawn till the latest twilight Don was sharply on the look-out for any job to be done, and his keen eyes and quick movements often secured him work wherever there was a press of business on hand.

Sometimes Dot trotted beside him, or rode on his shoulders, when he went on errands. His happiest days were those when he had a little money to lay out in oranges or sweetmeats, or other small marketable stock, which promised him a quick return, and a good profit on his outlay. Then Dot rode triumphantly on his hired wheel-barrow, keeping him merry with her little ways, and the chatter he loved to listen to. But he often found that she could not go with him when he was bound for any distance or was engaged for a few hours' work, and then, with sore misgivings of heart, and countless terrors, while he was away he was compelled to leave her in charge of some lodging-house keeper, or, still oftener, under the chance care of some apple-stall woman, near his place of work, whose stall might happen to be in an archway, or any other sheltered spot. The women were very good to little Dot, but it caused him many a pang of anxiety, and many a sharp sense of gladness, first to leave her, and then to come back and find her safe and happy.

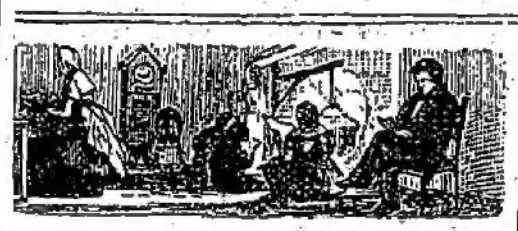
The wandering life they lived was very pleasant to him, and Dot throve well upon it. They scarcely ever spent a week in the same lodging-house, or even in the same street; though Don kept cautiously to the East End, and the neighborhood of the docks, where he could almost always find some work to do. In his eagerness to be earning money for Dot and her wants, he pitted himself against full-grown men, and thrust himself forward for tasks too heavy for him. He could not get rid of his dread of the child being forcibly taken away from him if there was anything miserable and neglected about her appearance. To ask any person for help or advice in any way would subject him to questions he could not easily and truthfully answer. If he found any of the people with whom he was thrown into company at all desirous to know his history, it was a sufficient hint to him to change his quarters; and any kindly enquiry from the women who took care of Dot for him, filled him with deep anxiety. Amid all his ignorance he knew he must not tell a lie; and he could not bring himself to break the law of the God of whom he had so faint a knowledge, even when facing the danger of losing little Dot. If he could only say she was his sister, that would be a sufficient answer to every enquiry, but Don could not. To speak the truth always, and to teach Dot to do the same, was what God required of him, and he must do it.

As a further precaution against being tracked and discovered by Dot's enemies, the police and parish authorities of Chelsea, who were bent on imprisoning her in the workhouse, he dropped the name of Don, which he knew by this time to be too odd and singular to escape notice, and called himself John. He tried hard to call Dot "Hagar," which he believed was her real name, as old Lister had once said she was christened after the mother who had forsaken her.

The summer was very welcome to Don, and the long, light, warm evenings were full of pleasure to him. Then, after the day's hard work was done, he could carry Dot down to the side of the river, and watch the ships passing up and down, with their gayly-colored flags floating idly on the soft western wind, and he would wonder with the quiet wondering of ignorance, where they were going to and where they came from. He had seen them sailing with all their canvas spread on the open sea, looking even more beautiful and strange than on the river, and the sight of them brought back those pleasant days when he was growing slowly better from the fever, and was treasuring up stories to talk over with Mrs. Clack. The ships, with their tall masts and the white sails, recalled to him some of the lessons he had learned about God, and Jesus Christ, and Heaven—names which were little more than mere words to him, yet which had a power over him no other words possessed. They were like good seed buried deep in the good ground of his faithful heart, promising to bring forth a hundred-fold at some future harvest-tide.

Don was growing very tall during these lightsome summer days; but he grew thinner and weaker as if he was out-growing his strength. He was always hungry, and hunger is a costly comrade to poor folks. It had to be tricked, and put off, and mastered instead of being satisfied. What gave him more real concern was that he had quite outgrown his clothes, and was no longer decent-looking enough to be entrusted with errands. He grudged buying for himself anything which Dot could not share, or as long as there was any want of hers not supplied. Dot did not look as if she had any want; and he loved to see her pretty face look rosy and smiling. She never cried softly now, as if afraid of being heard; it was seldom that she cried at all, but if she did it was quite openly, and noisily enough to frighten Don. He would not let her suffer from hunger or cold, and the fresh air from the river made her strong and active, and gave her a ravenous appetite, which Don satisfied, whilst he put off his own sharp-set cravings. It was quite necessary to live on short commons, if he had to provide himself with larger clothes.

(To be continued.)



The Family Circle.

CHRIST AND THE LITTLE ONES.

"The Master has come over Jordan,"
Said Hannah, the mother, one day;
"He is healing the people who throng him,
With a touch of his finger, they say."

"And now I shall carry the children,—
Little Rachael, and Samuel, and John;
I shall carry the baby Esther,
For the Lord to look upon."

The father looked at her kindly,
But he shook his head and smiled:
"Now, who but a doting mother
Would think of a thing so wild?

"If the children were tortured by demons,
Or dying of fever, 'twere well;
Or had they the taint of the leper,
Like many in Israel.

"Nay, do not hinder me, Nathan;
I feel such a burden of care;
If I carry it to the Master,
Perhaps I shall leave it there.

"If he lay his hand on the children,
My heart will be lighter, I know;
For a blessing for ever and ever
Will follow them as they go."

So over the hills of Judah,
Along the vine-rows green,
With Esther asleep on her bosom,
And Rachael her brothers between.

'Mong the people who hung on his teaching,
Or waited his touch, or his word,
Through the row of proud Pharisees listening,
She pressed to the feet of her Lord.

"Now why should'st thou hinder the Master,"
Said Peter, "with children like these?
Seest not how, from morning to evening,
He teacheth, and healeth diseases?"

Then Christ said, "Forbid not the children!
Permit them to come unto me."
And he took in his arms little Esther,
And Rachael he set on his knee.

And the heavy heart of the mother
Was lifted all earth-care above,
As he laid his hands on the brothers,
And blessed them with tenderest love;

As he said of the babes in His bosom,
"Of such is the kingdom of heaven,"
And strength for all duty and trial
That hour to her spirit was given.
—*Leaflet.*

THE TRUE HISTORY OF A BAG OF BUTTONS.

In the year 18—, when the fever for California gold-hunting first struck our Eastern seaboard cities, a young man named George Van Dyke was walking the streets of New York looking for employment. Homeless and alone, with no tie left to bind him to his native city, he became an easy prey to the brilliant inducements held forth by the agents of a company for improving and mining the Washingtonia Gulch, and with the hopes held out to him by the agent, of a brilliant, speedy, and miraculous fortune to be surely attained in California with the smallest expenditure of time and capital, he left New York. After a successful voyage and a romantic journey by land through gigantic forests and over magnificent mountains, whose scenery was highly inspiring to the imagination of an enthusiastic young man, and could not fail to raise in him highest hopes of a glorious future to be wrested from the strong heart of mountain and stream, he reached the gold diggings.

A poor hut, scanty fare, and above all the rough character and bad or careless habits of his companions among the miners, soon stripped the situation of any charms with which the glowing pictures of the agent, aided by the powers of his own youthful imagination, had invested it, and George found that hard, persevering work was the substantial and only means by which fortune could be won from hard circumstance, in California as well as in New York. Regretting the resolve which had led to his finding himself in a situation so unfavorable to the mental and moral growth of a young man, he yet made the best of his plight, and by setting to work with a will soon gathered enough by the proceeds of his toil to pay for his return by way of San Francisco to his native State.

He left the diggings with high spirits. But alas! his troubles had just begun. A rough man, who had borne him some ill will on account of his gentlemanly habits, followed him, and before ten miles of his journey were accomplished our hero was felled from behind, and with no chance of self-defence was soon laid consciousless on the ground. His sensations on recovering from his stupor were those of intense despair. His hard-earned savings were gone, and the wretch who had so wronged him left marks and bruises upon his victim that required immediate care.

George Van Dyke, in his loneliness and poverty, with the great rocks and trees of the mountain forest as his only companions, weakened by the exposures of his mining life, and still bleeding from his recent wounds, might well bitterly regret the day when adverse circumstances and bad advice induced him to quit a life of civilization for which his entire habits and education had fitted him. But although only 20 years old, George possessed an unusual force of character, which his adventurous and independent life for the last few months had developed. Adverse circumstances only served with him as a spur to fresher action, and he soon overcame his despairing lethargy sufficiently to bind up his wounds and proceed on his journey. A few roots and berries from the woods, with occasional help from a friendly traveller, supported life, and in the hope of reaching San Francisco and begging or working his passage home, he persevered in his difficult undertaking, until at last he reached a suburban town but a few miles from San Francisco. On the outskirts of the town, just as the dusk was falling, poor George, overcome with continued efforts and by a deadly malarial fever contracted in the unhealthful camp life of the mines, gave up his struggle and sank helplessly by the roadside.

In a cheery little mansion in a not unfashionable street of San Francisco a young wife somewhat anxiously awaited the return of her husband, a rich trader, who had gone on business to a neighboring village. Life and property were in constant danger in those palmy days of California vagabondage, and Mrs. Goldthwaite, as she waited, recalled unpleasant stories of the insecurity of the lives of those who had gone out with money, as her husband had this day, many of whom had lost both money and life. With a prayer for his safety she took up some work as a safeguard against useless worry, but cast it down as a waggon stopped at the door, and a quick ring followed. "What is it, Henry?" she cried, for her husband paused not for his usual greeting. With grave looks he told her of a sick and homeless young man he had found senseless on his way, and who by his moans he judged to be in a critical and suffering condition. The quick response from his young wife to his appeal for her aid in nursing and caring for the unfortunate lad thus thrown upon their sympathy, confirmed him in his generous resolve, and together they tended the sick stranger through weeks and days of delirium and fever, during which they gathered from fragments of his confused talk some slight insight into his former sufferings.

When George Van Dyke, after days of pain and danger, returned slowly to life and to some degree of health, he found himself in the home of loving friends. No brother and sister could have been kinder in their loving efforts to remove all sense of obligation from the grateful young man. They urged him to remain with them until his health was completely restored, but his independence prevented his accepting their hospitality longer than was absolutely needful. So, as soon as he was at all able, George left his kind friends who had grown attached to him, and were loth to part from him, with many protestations of lifelong gratitude. Mr. Goldthwaite having arranged for his doing some light work in compensation for his passage, he embarked for New York.

Before leaving, Mrs. Goldthwaite presented him with a few sewing materials for use on the voyage, and as he would not receive a cent of money from them, the kind young matron sewed up in a large bag of buttons $20, distributed throughout the contents of the bag in the shape of ten cents pieces, dreading the consequences of his arrival perfectly penniless in a large city.

A year passed and no word came of the young man, save the news of his safe arrival in New York. Meantime misfortune came upon his kind benefactors, Mr. Goldthwaite's health failed, and his business suffered from being left in the hands of a careless partner. In two years Mrs. Goldthwaite found herself a widow, with one child, and scarcely any means of support. Such small moneys as she possessed sufficed to carry her to some Eastern friends, where she was put in the way of earning a scanty livelihood by means of sewing. Meantime our friend George had prospered. Not forgetting his kind friends, he yet waited before claiming their friendship until he should be in a position to return some of their favors. Arriving in New York without a cent, the idea occurred to him of selling his few possessions, in order to secure food and lodging. Opening his bag of buttons, which he supposed to be useless in this emergency, a ten-cent piece attracted his notice, and his search was continued until $20 were found. Taking this as his capital, with steady energy and perseverance, he went to work and gradually rose from one position of trust to another until in the course of five years he found himself in a position of comparative affluence. During all this time he had heard nothing of the protectors who had befriended him in time of need. After frequent enquiries and search for them he gave up the quest, having only learned that Mr. Goldthwaite was dead and that his wife and child had left San Francisco. He then deeply regretted his former resolve, not to communicate with his friends until he could present himself in the aspect of a prosperous man. In the course of his search he revisited California but could hear nothing of his friends, although the fear that they might be in want, led him to make every effort.

He had put aside a sum equivalent to the $20 found in the bag among the buttons given him by Mrs. Goldthwaite so long ago. This sum he held in trust, and a special blessing seemed to rest upon it. By happy investments and fortunate chances, it had grown in ten years to the sum of $5,000; but still George Van Dyke could hear no tidings of his old friend.

One very cold winter's night just about dusk, while crossing a crowded street, he observed just in front of him a little girl, carefully threading her way among the crowds of vehicles. She was neatly but poorly clad, and carried a large bundle under her arm. The child attracted his attention, and he kept his eye on the unconscious little one until, just as she neared the sidewalk, her foot slipped, and falling she would undoubtedly have been crushed under a heavy waggon, had not the watchful man behind her seized the horses' heads, and lifted the child to a place of safety. In all her fright the girl found time to thank her protector, and the gentleman, more and more interested, learned that her name was Goldthwaite. For tidings of that name he had long been on the alert, and a few enquiries left him in no doubt that he had at last found his much sought friends. The artless little one told him all,—her father's name, his own romantic history, which she had heard as a kind of family tradition; this made the matter certain. They were very poor, the little one said, and she was taking home the work her mother had finished. Concealing his feelings the gentleman accompanied the little girl to the door of her home, and left her, promising to come soon and see her mother.

That evening, after little Elsie had forgotten her troubles, and her adventure in bed, and Mrs. Goldthwaite, wondering how both ends could be made to meet, was counting over her week's scanty earnings, a knock came to the door, and a stranger entered, buttoned up to his eyes in a great coat. Into her hand he put a bag, and, seeing her astonishment, he emptied the glittering contents into her lap. The gold dazzled her, and in her wonder it was some time before she could ask the stranger what it all meant, and where the money came from. What puzzled her still more, on the bag was a written, label "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days." "It is money owing to you, returned," said the man, in answer to her enquiries; but the poor woman knew that no money was owing to her; that, on the contrary, she herself was in debt for the necessaries of life to various tradesmen in her vicinity. Her expression grew more and more puzzled, until suddenly recognizing the bag as the button-bag she had given to George Van Dyke ten years before, and connecting this remembrance with a certain gleam in the stranger's eyes, the truth dawned upon her. With delight she welcomed the long lost friend, to whom she had been so kind in his time of greatest need. But surprises were not over for the good woman. Elsie being called, a member of her family whom she supposed George had never seen, the little one quietly welcomed the stranger as an old friend, supposing it quite a natural thing that her deliverer should have come to pay his promised visit; and then the mother learned who it was that had saved her child. It was more than a common visit. The old friends recognized the hand of Providence in the circumstances of their reunion.

George Van Dyke had no relatives, and before long his friendship and gratitude toward the widow had ripened into a lasting love, and his hitherto homeless life was made happy by her consent to share it. Elsie made no objection to her new father and the changed circumstances; and as in her new warm clothes she danced along to school with her hand fast locked in his, her grasp would tighten as she passed the spot where in her loneliness and trouble she had first received his kind protection and thus had been the unconscious means of restoring to her mother an old and cherished friend. And the new father never allowed the little one to forget the old father whom she had never known, but sought to repay in his affection for the child some part of that debt of gratitude which he could never repay her real father, the good Samaritan of his youth.—*N. Y. Witness.*

VICTOR,—A NARRATIVE OF FACTS.

BY M. H. M.

He was a little fellow about seven years of age, bright and active, "the only son of his mother, and she a widow." His home consisted of a room and bedroom, five pairs of stairs up, in a crowded tenement house; for Mrs. Rhoades was a poor woman, obliged to stitch, stitch, from early morning until far into the night, that she might procure the necessaries of life for herself and her little son.

One Friday afternoon Victor ran home from school at the usual hour, three o'clock. He was very happy, for he had been pronounced the best boy in the class, and he held his good ticket tightly in his hand.

"Oh, mother," he exclaimed, bursting into the room; then he stopped suddenly, for his mother's accustomed seat in front of the sewing machine was vacant, and in her stead sat Mrs. Malone, a neighbor.

"Vicky," she said, "yer ma is taken down with one of her bad turns, and is very sick. I have been with her all forenoon, but I have washing that must be done and taken home to-morrow; so I am going to send for yer aunt to come and mind her. Yer ma says you have been there, and can find yer way after you get out of the cars, so I will let my Mary go and put you in, and she will tell the conductor where to let you out. You must not stay a minute, mind, for yer ma will feel worried. Just tell yer aunt, mother is sick and wants her; then come straight home."

"May I see mamma before I go?" asked Victor.

"No, she is asleep, and you mustn't wake her."

Victor's aunt lived out at service up town, a long distance from his home; but as his mother had said, he knew the way when once he had left the cars.

Mary saw him safely in the car, paid his fare, leaving a five-cent piece in his hand with which to return, and gave the conductor the name of the street where he was to get out.

Very proud and important Victor felt when he found himself riding alone up town. Aunt Lizzie was surprised to see him, and feared her sister must be very ill, to allow such a little fellow to come so far. She promised to be with them in a couple of hours, and Victor, after eating a large piece of cake which she gave him, started for home.

The car in which he found himself was crowded and he was quite hidden by the tall

men around him. An old lady kindly took him upon her lap and talked to him pleasantly, and between the interest of listening to and answering her and watching a richly dressed little boy not much older than himself, he quite forgot everything else until he heard the name of the street called out.

Luckily there were others to get off at the same place, or he might have been carried to the end of the route. As soon as his feet touched the ground, he went off at a run, never pausing until he reached his own door. In trying to turn the knob he was compelled to put something from one hand to the other. He looked down, and there was a new five-cent piece. It flashed upon him then that he had been overlooked, and had not paid his fare. It was his own, of course; for had he paid it, it would have been gone, and it was not his fault that he had not given it in, for he never thought, and he could not help it now. It was his to do what he liked with.

What a fortune the five cents appeared to the child who had seen other children with pennies, but had never had many of his own in his life! What visions of the delights to be purchased with it danced through his dreams that night, as he slept with the treasure tied tightly in the corner of his little handkerchief, and placed under his pillow.

The next day, as his mother still continued very ill and nobody noticed him much, he started out to spend his money at a neighboring toy-shop. He stood gazing eagerly in at the window. What should he buy? Some marbles, a top, candy? No, there was a beautiful picture-book for five cents,—and a tin horse and cart and a soldier with cap and sword,—and there was such a quantity of pop-corn.

The display of tempting articles was so bewildering, the matter of a choice was so perplexing, he concluded to keep his prize until Monday and show it to the boys. And then he could get Charlie Dunn to come with him and help him select his purchases. That would be nice. So Victor turned his back upon the shop, and for that day his five cents were not spent.

He was at the Sunday-school the next morning, and his teacher thought the little face looked even brighter and more cheerful than usual. It was a custom for the children to attend church in a body, and during the service they sat all together. To-day the sermon was very plain and Victor listened attentively. The minister spoke of the evil of sin, especially little sins that pass unnoticed by the world, but which in God's sight are as great as large ones. In the course of his sermon the preacher said that the person who receives too much change at a store and keeps it, is as really guilty as the man who breaks into a bank at midnight and steals millions; the person who in travelling attempts to evade paying his fare, is a thief and sells his soul for a paltry sum! Little sins lead to greater ones, and, like the man with the one talent, he who is unfaithful over a few things will be unfaithful over many.

Poor little Victor. He walked home along the sunshiny street, his little heart bursting in his breast. He imagined every one he met could read his guilt in his face. A thief! When he reached home he could eat no dinner, so great was his distress. His aunt was alarmed, but he said he was not ill. Gladly would he have unburdened his little aching heart of its load, but he intuitively felt that his aunt would not understand him, could not help him, and his mother was too ill to talk.

All day long he bore his torturing secret, and at night he scarcely dared to kneel by his cot to say his prayers; but neither did he dare leave them unsaid. He knelt down, and all at once a text which he had learned for his lesson came into his mind:

"If we confess our sins, God is faithful and just to forgive us our sins."

His teacher had explained it to him, and now it was as a flood of light. He would tell all to Jesus, and He would forgive and help him! When he laid his head upon his pillow, peace and a sense of pardon, if not happiness, had returned.

But the thought of the money troubled him. It was not his and must be returned to the owner. But how? That was the question. At last a bright idea struck him. He could not find the conductor, but he could go to the depot a couple of blocks away (he knew where it was), and give it to the man there, and he would see that the gentleman who owned the cars got it.

The next morning a little boy entered the depot and approached the ticket office. It was too high for him to reach, but he espied an open door, and the next minute was by the ticket agent's side.

"Please," he said, handing him the five-cent piece: "I was riding in a car and the conductor forgot to take my money,—and I forgot, but I am so sorry."

The man looked down upon the eager child for a moment in surprise, then laughed; but a gentleman who had just then come in spoke to him kindly and said:

"What was it you wanted, my little fellow?"

The boy repeated his words and held out the money.

"You are an honest little man," said the gentleman. "Did your mother send you?"

"Oh, no sir, mother is sick and knows nothing about it; and I am not honest, sir, for I kept it three days, and I would never have brought it back if the minister had not found it out and told me how wicked I was. But I will never do so again, sir, never!"

"What is your name?" asked the gentleman.

"Victor Rhoades, sir."

"Victor? A grand name. Do you know what it means?"

"No sir. Does it mean anything?"

Then the gentleman, seating himself, drew Victor to his side, and, after explaining to him that "Victor" signified "a conqueror," told him about the great men of old and their heroic deeds; and as the boy listened, with sparkling eyes and glowing cheeks, he told him of another battle-field where the foes to be overcome are not of flesh and blood, but the powers of darkness, temptations to sin, and of the victory that we may gain through the help of Christ.

The gentleman was the president of the railway company and proved a kind friend to Victor and his mother. He obtained for her easier and more remunerative employment, and, when Victor grew up, secured for him a position where by industry and application he might rise to an honorable and independent station. He has reached that station now, and wealth and honor are his; but often and often, in the temptations that beset him, the remembrance of his name has been his safeguard, and, still in the heat of the contest, he looks forward with joyful hope to the day when, with St. Paul, he can say: "I have fought the good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day."—*N. Y. Observer.*

RUSTY RAILS.

BY THE REV. ASA BULLARD.

Travellers may often notice in the vicinity of railway stations, piles of iron rails. Some of these rails have been used on the tracks, and having become worn or in some way damaged, they are laid aside to be sent to the foundry to be recast. Some are new and ready to be used as they are needed. Single rails may also be seen by the side of the track, where they have been thrown when replaced by new ones.

All must have noticed that these rails are always covered with rust. Some look as though they must be injured by this corroding process. This is the necessary consequence of exposure to the rain and the dew of night, when not in use. It is a well-known effect of moisture on iron. But examine the rails on the tracks that are in constant use. They are equally exposed to rain and dew, and yet they are perfectly free from rust. The face of the rails on which the wheels run is as bright as polished silver. They glisten in the sun as far as the eye can reach.

Now, the difference in these cases, it is well understood, is wholly owing to the influence of their use or want of use. Let these rails change places and their appearance will at once be changed; the bright ones will soon become rusty, and the rusty ones bright. Rust cannot form where there is this constant friction, this polishing process of use.

Is not here a very apt illustration of the effect of activity, or the want of it, upon Christians? Let a person enter the church and engage in no Christian labor, and how soon the rust of sloth and indifference begins to appear. How can any Christian graces shine, if they are not brought into use, if they are not polished by activity? "Practice makes perfect" is the adage. If there is no practice, how can Christian character be developed and made effulgent? How can any one see "our good works," if we do not "let our light shine?" And will any one let his light shine if there are no good works that may be seen?

Inactivity is the bane of the Christian church. No church can be efficient where its members are not in some way employed in Christian work. Are there not many in most churches who are rusting for want of use? They are not only accomplishing no useful object for others, but they are constantly suffering loss themselves. They are not only making no spiritual acquisitions, but they are losing what little they may have. This rust of inactivity is eating out their very vitals.

Take any single grace of the gospel, and how soon it begins to corrode if not in exercise. If secret prayer becomes intermittent the door of the closet soon begins to creak on its rusty hinges. If attendance on the weekly meetings of the church becomes irregular, the steps that lead to that heavenly place begin to lose their elasticity, and heavily drag the reluctant heart. Faith and hope and meekness are all strengthened, like the muscles of the body, by daily and vigorous use, but left but a short time in a state of inactivity, the dampness of the night air tarnishes them with rust, as it does the iron rails that lie idle by the roadside. Some one says the muscles with which we close the hand are much stronger than those with which we open it. It is the weaker or opening muscles that we use in benevolent giving, while it is the stronger ones with which we close our hand against the calls of charity, and grasp our earthly treasures. Now, if the hand is not often opened in charity, these weak muscles will gradually become stiff and rigid, or rusty, so that it will be difficult, if not impossible, to relax them enough to get the smallest offering into the treasury of the Lord.

It should be the care of every church to find some Christian work for every member. No church can afford—whatever the railway may be able to do—to keep on hand a large number of members to rust out in inactivity. There is work enough for all; and the spiritual health and prosperity of the church and its individual members demand that all shall be found at work. "If any will not work, neither shall he eat," commanded the apostle. And if a professing Christian will not work in the Lord's vineyard, no spiritual manna will fall around his tent.—*Advance.*

THE GRACE OF GIVING.

We have often wished we had a few millions of money, just to see what we would do with it. All men think they know how they would dispose of it. The educational institutions of the church would be placed beyond financial embarrassment; missionaries would have ample support, struggling congregations would be helped, and new enterprises would be established on a firm basis.

There is nothing, however, in which a man is more likely to deceive himself than in matters of that kind. Changed fortunes most frequently bring changed dispositions. The man who suddenly inherits large possessions, often becomes selfish in his prodigality, while those who acquire means, usually form habits of closeness that stick to them like the fabled shirt, after they have much more than a competency. We see this illustrated around us every day, and liberal as we may be with other people's money, we cannot be sure that we would be better than they, if placed in their prosperous circumstances.

At any rate, the question may be asked whether the munificent endowments many think of in their day-dreams, would be a blessing, after all? Wealth may be the bane of churches and institutions as well as of individuals. It is doubtful whether any congregation would do best, with every want so supplied as to do away with the necessity of contributions from the people on the altar of the Lord.

Our heavenly Father could give us ample riches if he thought it wisest to make us stewards of so much; or he could supply the gold miraculously if that alone were needed; but we can hardly think of a church so constituted as to do away with the sacrifice of giving, by which our love for him over the world is constantly developed and tested. This is, perhaps, the reason why the privilege and duty is laid upon all, rather than upon the few. The man who seeks exemptions, tries to cut off a means of grace. Surely, if this is the case, we should rejoice in an order of things which allows every one to give. The hope of the church is in this, rather than in large benefactions, which might leave the masses of the people as sordid as if untouched by the love of God.

We hope we have said nothing to frighten off our millionaires. Wealth is a talent for which they will be responsible. But let no one think mere riches would favorably incline him to make gifts to the Lord. The man who is not faithful in little will not be faithful in much, and it is the united contributions of the people that God looks for in the upbuilding of his kingdom. In every case the main advantage accrues to him who sacrifices mammon on the altar of the Almighty. The inward conquest is that which is necessary to true, healthy Christian life.—*Messenger.*

Question Corner.—No. 8.

Answers to these questions should be sent in as soon as possible and addressed EDITOR NORTHERN MESSENGER. It is not necessary to write out the question, give merely the number of the question and the answer. In writing letters always give clearly the name of the place where you live and the initials of the province in which it is situated.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

85. What city was spoken of as "the glory of kingdoms"?
86. What battle was fought on Mount Tabor?
87. On what mountain was Solomon's temple built?
88. At what place did God last reveal himself to Abraham?
89. What celebrated edifice was afterward built on this spot?
90. Who built the city of Samaria?
91. Upon what mountain did Saul die?
92. When was the name of Luz changed to Bethel?
93. Of whom did Jesus say "Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile"?
94. At what place was Paul stoned?
95. Where was an altar erected "to the unknown God"?
96. Where is the following found: "The righteous shall hold on his way, and he that hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger?"

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

In the water, in the air, and in the busy brain,
Busy once, but nevermore to hate or love again;
One of five, all like itself, in deadly deed united,
And yet delivering those in whom the Lord of Hosts delighted.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 6.

61. Leviticus, xix. 32.
62. To the tribe of Judah, Num. xiii. 6.
63. On Mount Hor, Eleazar, Num. xx. 25, 28.
64. He was killed in battle with the kings of Midian, Num. xxxi. 8.
65. By the tribes on the eastern side of Jordan, because they feared that in after years they might become separated from the tribes west of the Jordan, Joshua xxii. 24, 29.
66. The Midianites, Judges vi. 7, 11.
67. The tribe of Manasseh, Judges vi. 15.
68. Two, Judges x. 1, 5.
69. From the Ammonites, Judges xi. 30, 33.
70. Samson, Eli and Samuel.
71. To the tribe of Judah, Ruth i. 1, 2.
72. Because there was a famine in Judah, Ruth i. 2.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

B-abel—Gen. xi. 4.
A-bel—Gen. iv. 4.
B-el or Baal—Judges ii. 13.
El—Gen. xxxv. 7.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 6.—Jane Brown, 11; Jennie Mitchell, 10; William C. Wickham, 12.
To No. 5.—Lizzie Calhoun, 11; Andrew Fraser, 9; C. A. Redmond, 11; Jacob Hunter, 10; F. R. Blanchard, 10; Flora Estella Bell, 12; Cora McIntyre, 9; A. McDonald, 6; Alice Freeman, 12; William C. Wickham, 12; Menotti Carvosso Flatt, 12; Maggie Sutherland, 12 en.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From the International Lessons for 1880, by Edwin W. Rice, as issued by American Sunday-School Union.)

LESSON IV.

APRIL 25.]

CONFESSION AND CROSS-BEARING.

Matt. 16: 13-28.

[About A. D. 29.]

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 24-26.

13. When Je-sus came into the coasts of Cæs-a-re-a Phi-lip-pi, he asked his disciples, saying, Whom do men say that I the Son of man am?

14. And they said, Some say that thou art John the Bap-tist; some, E-li-as; and others, Jer-e-mi-as, or one of the prophets.

15. He saith unto them, But whom say ye that I am?

16. And Si-mon Pe-ter answered and said, Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God.

17. And Je-sus answered and said unto him, Blessed art thou, Si-mon Bar-jo-na: for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven.

18. And I say also unto thee, That thou art Pe-ter, and upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.

19. And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven.

20. Then charged he his disciples that they should tell no man that he was Je-sus the Christ.

21. From that time forth began Je-sus to show unto his disciples how that he must go unto Je-ru-sa-lem, and suffer many things of the elders and chief priests and scribes, and be killed and be raised again the third day.

22. Then Pe-ter took him, and began to rebuke him, saying, Be it far from thee, Lord: this shall not be unto thee.

23. But he turned, and said unto Peter, Get thee behind me Satan: thou art an offence unto me: for thou savorest not the things that be of God, but those that be of men.

24. Then said Je-sus unto his disciples, If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me.

25. For whosoever will save his life shall lose it: and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it.

26. For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?

27. For the Son of man shall come in the glory of his Father with his angels; and then he shall reward every man according to his works.

28. Verily I say unto you, There be some standing here, which shall not taste of death, till they see the Son of man coming in his kingdom.

GOLDEN TEXT.

If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me.—Matt. 16: 24.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Confessors must bear the cross.

NOTES.—CES-A-RE-A PHI-LIP-PI, a town at the source of the Jordan, about 120 miles from Jerusalem. It is situated at the base of Hermon, whose towering peaks rise 8,000 feet above the city. So far as known, this place was the northern limit of Christ's travels. The ancient name of the city was Paneas or Panium, after the pagan deity Pan. Herod the Great built a temple here to Augustus; after him, Philip the Tetrarch enlarged the city and called it Cæsarea, after Tiberius Cæsar, and added "Philippi" to distinguish it from Cæsarea on the Mediterranean.—JOHN BAP-TIST, beheaded by Herod.—E-LI-AS. Some doubtless believed that Elijah had arisen from the dead.—JER-E-MI-AS. Jeremiah was held by the Jews to be the greatest of prophets.—SI-MON, a contraction of Simeon.—PE-TER, "rock." Simon Peter was Andrew's brother.—BAR-JO-NA, "son of Jona."—JE-RU-SA-LEM (see Schaff's "Bible Dictionary" or article in cyclopedias.)

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) CONCERNING CHRIST. (II.) CHURCH'S FOUNDATION. (III.) CROSS FORETOLD. (IV.) CROSS-BEARING. (V.) COMING OF THE SON OF MAN.

I. CONCERNING CHRIST.—(13-17.) COASTS, vicinity; MEN SAY, What does the world say of me and my works? SON OF MAN, a designation seldom applied to Christ by any one but himself; SOME SAY, opinions had been formed; OTHERS, some malignant Pharisees had called Jesus "Beelzebub."

II. CHURCH'S FOUNDATION.—(18-20.) ROCK. "The words of Jesus only refer to Peter in so far as by this confession he identified himself with Christ, and was the first to upbuild the Church by his testimony to faithfulness of confession"—*(Lange)*; GATES, powers; HELL, infernal regions; THEE, Peter, as representative of the apostles; KEYS, symbols of authority; BIND... LOOSE, a miraculous power conferred upon, but doubtless limited to, the apostles; CHARGED, cautioned; TELL NO MAN, time had not yet come.

III. CROSS FORETOLD.—(21-23.) FROM THAT TIME, indicated in preceding verses; MUST GO, his mission must be accomplished; SUFFER MANY THINGS (see Isa. 53); ELDERS...PRIESTS... SCRIBES, office-bearers in the Jewish Church, the Sanhedrin; KILLED, by those he came to bless; RAISED AGAIN, meaning not then fully comprehended by disciples; TOOK, interrupted; REBUKED, affectionately; FAR FROM THEE, literally, "pity thyself"; SHALT NOT BE, zeal without knowledge; SATAN, the evil one speaks through the apostle; OFFENCE, a snare; SAVOREST NOT, thy views are carnal, not spiritual.

IV. CROSS-BEARING.—(24-28.) IF ANY, the privilege of all; COME AFTER, follow; DENY HIMSELF, renounce or forget self; HIS CROSS, duty or service for Christ, regardless of consequences; WHOSOEVER, free to all, compulsory upon none; SAVE... LOSE, loss for Christ's sake is gain for self; PROFITED, an unanswerable question; WHOLE WORLD, valueless compared with the soul.

V. COMING OF THE SON OF MAN.—(27-28.) SHALL COME, a sure prophecy (see Acts 1: 11); IN GLORY, sufferings for ever past; SHALL REWARD, cross-bearers will then be crown-wearers; ACCORDING, "whether they be good or evil."

WEALTH, HONORS, OFFERINGS, LOVE, ESTEEM } of the WORLD! SOUL!

WHICH WILL YOU HAVE?

LESSON V.

MAY 2.]

THE TRANSFIGURATION. Matt. 17: 1-13.

[About A. D. 29.]

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 5-8.

1. And after six days Je-sus taketh Pe-ter, James, and John, his brother, and bringeth them up into an high mountain apart.

2. And was transfigured before them: and his face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light.

3. And, behold, there appeared unto them Mo-ses and E-li-as talking with him.

4. Then answered Pe-ter, and said unto Je-sus, Lord, it is good for us to be here: if thou wilt, let us make here three tabernacles; one for thee, and one for Mo-ses, and one for E-li-as.

5. While he yet spake, behold, a bright cloud overshadowed them; and behold, a voice out of the cloud, which said, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye him.

6. And when the disciples heard it, they fell on their face, and were sore afraid.

7. And Jesus came and touched them, and said Arise, and be not afraid.

8. And when they had lifted up their eyes, they saw no man, save Je-sus only.

9. And as they came down from the mountain, Je-sus charged them, saying, Tell the vision to no man, until the Son of Man be risen again from the dead.

10. And his disciples asked him, saying, Why then say the scribes that E-li-as must first come?

11. And Jesus answered and said unto them, E-li-as truly shall first come, and restore all things.

12. But I say unto you, That E-li-as is come already, and they knew him not, but have done unto him whatsoever they listed. Likewise shall also the Son of Man suffer of them.

13. Then the disciples understood that he spake unto them of John the Bap-tist.

GOLDEN TEXT.

We beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth.—John 1: 14.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The divinity of Christ is infallibly attested.

NOTES.—JE-SUS, called also "Lord" in verse 4; "Beloved Son" in verse 5; "Son of man" in verses 9 and 13.—PE-TER, "rock"; known also as Simon Bar-jona and Cephas. (See "Hand-Book," part 12, page 60.)—JAMES AND JOHN, called "Boanerges"—"sons of thunder"; fishermen of Galilee, and sons of Zebedee; called to be apostles, among whom they ranked foremost of the twelve.—MO-SES, son of Amram and Jochebed; preserved in the ark of bulrushes; rescued by Pharaoh's daughter; deliverer and leader of Israel; died on summit of Pisgah fifteen centuries before Christ.—E-LI-AS, or E-LI-JAH, the Tishbite. We know nothing of his birth or parentage. He was a prophet in Israel during the reign of Ahab, about 900 years before Christ.—MO-SES and E-LI-AS, "representative of the *law* and the *prophets*; both had been removed from this world in a mysterious manner; both, like Jesus, had endured a supernatural fast of forty days and nights; both had been on the holy mountain in the visions of God."—*Alford*—AN HIGH MOUNTAIN, not yet identified: tradition names Mount Tabor, but many scholars of late (Stanley, Ellicott, Lange, Hanna, and others) think it must have been Hermon.

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) ON THE MOUNTAIN. (II.) DOWN FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

I. ON THE MOUNTAIN.—(1-8.) AFTER SIX DAYS, perhaps at night; BRINGETH THEM, a glorious surprise awaited the favored three; APART, away from interruption; TRANSFIGURED, changed, transformed in appearance; what the change was must be learned from the remarkable details (see Mark and Luke); FACE... SHINE AS... SUN (see Matt. 28: 3; also Rev. 1: 13-16); RAIMENT... WHITE AS.. LIGHT, an effort to describe an indescribable phenomenon; a vision of heaven's glory; APPEARED UNTO THEM, Peter, James, and John saw and heard the spiritual visitors; MOSES AND ELIAS, see Notes; TALKING, "of his decease" (Luke 9: 31); GOOD FOR US, not afraid when he thus spoke; TABERNACLES, booths, camps; ONE... ONE... ONE, thought not of himself or brethren; BEHOLD, suddenly; BRIGHT CLOUD, "a cloud of light"; OVERSHADOWED, "Heaven's shadows resplendent with light; a celestial paradox"; VOICE, of the Father Almighty; MY BELOVED SON, he alone of the glorified is mentioned; WELL PLEASED, delighted, satisfied; HEAR YE him, not *them*, but *him*, Christ is the end of the *law* and the fulfilment of prophecy; FELL, overwhelmed with awe; SORE AFRAID, God's voice fills them with tremor; TOUCHED THEM, perhaps awoke them, comforted; BE NOT AFRAID, fear not: it is I; SAW NO MAN, the curtain again lowered; JESUS ONLY, yet God was all around them just as near. "So in our own lives moments of spiritual ecstasy that are few and far between; and it is good for us that it should be so, and that we should be left to carry the fragrance and power of their memory into our common life."—*Dr. Plumptre.*

II. DOWN FROM THE MOUNTAIN.—(9-13.) CAME DOWN, "on the next day" (Luke 9: 37); CHARGED, cautioned; VISION, the scene on the mountain; TELL... NO MAN, hour not yet come; UNTIL, after the resurrection; the people were not prepared to receive such a communication; WHY THEN, the Jews still look for a visible manifestation of Elias; FIRST COME, the prophecy was already fulfilled; RESTORE, that was his mission; ELIAS IS COME, not as the fulfilment of prophecy, yet Elias had truly come; DONE UNTO HIM (see Matt. 14: 6-12); SUFFER, mocked, scourged, buffeted, spit upon, crucified; OF THEM, the Jews; JOHN THE BAPTIST, son of Zacharias and Elizabeth, the forerunner of Jesus; his coming foretold by Malachi (3: 1, and 4: 5, 6); preached in the wilderness of Judea; ministered at the baptism of Jesus; was imprisoned by Herod, by whom he was also beheaded at the request of the daughter of Herodias.

JESUS ONE ONLY WAY. NO OTHER NAME. LOVED OF GOD. YOUR ONLY SAVIOUR.

A PARABLE.

I held in my hand a little dry tree, an infant hemlock. It grew on a sort of a bog, and a muskrat digging his hole under it, bit off its roots, and it was dead. It was full of limbs and knots and gnarls, and I felt curious to know how it happened that it was so.

"Where do all these ugly limbs come from?" said I.

"Just where all ugly things come from," said he. "I am pretty much like you men. Find out where my limbs come from, and you will find out where all human sins come from."

So I took out my knife and peeled off all the bark. But the limbs and the knots were left.

"You must go deeper than that, sir."

So I began to split and take off layer of wood after layer. But all the knots were there.

"Deeper still," said the dry stick.

Then I split it all off, and separating it, the heart was laid bare; it looked like a small rod about six feet long, and perhaps an inch through at the large end. Ah! and I was now surprised to see that every limb and knot and gnarl started in the heart. The germ of the starting-point of each one was the centre of the heart.—*Selected.*

A MOTHER'S TRAINING.—There were six children in the household—three sons and three daughters. The mother was a cheery, quiet, religious woman, thoroughly bound up in her household. The husband was a resolute, defiant, outspoken unbeliever. He was a journalist, and lost no opportunity to have his fling at Christianity. Unbelievers, bitter as himself, were frequent guests at his table, and made themselves merry with the Bible and religious faith before the children. The mother seldom bore any part in the conversation. Not one of the children entertained the opinions of the father. As they grew up one after another came into the church. The sons, especially, were noted for their intelligent piety. I felt a great curiosity to know how Mrs. Long accomplished her difficult task—by what means she had neutralized the influence of her husband, and how she had led her entire flock into the fold of the Redeemer. I asked Mrs. Long to give me some clue to her method. "Well," she said, "it is a very simple matter. I never opposed my husband, never argued with him, nor disputed on the subject of religion. I never belittled him in the eyes of the children. But I never allowed them to go to bed without reading a few short verses of something the Saviour had said. I put his words over against the words of men. If the devil cast in the tares and went his way, might not the truth be as potent? And that's the whole of it."—*Matthew Hale Smith, in Christian at Work.*

THE WAY to get out of self-love is to love Christ.—*Augustine.*

THE SUMMER'S CAMPAIGN.

The winter campaign entered into by the workers for the MESSENGER has been very satisfactory to all concerned. The new subscribers are pleased with their new paper; the workers are pleased with their prizes and the manner in which the paper they have introduced to their friends is appreciated; all subscribers are pleased at the improvements made in the MESSENGER, and the publishers are pleased at the addition of sixteen thousand names to the subscription list. If the coming six months work is equal to the last the MESSENGER's subscription list at the end of August will number seventy-three thousand. The spring and summer is a good time for our young workers to go around and there is no reason to doubt they will take full advantage of it. With the next issue of the MESSENGER we hope to have our new prize list ready. In the meantime, although most of our stock of prizes is exhausted we will endeavor to fill all orders to the satisfaction of every worker.

This issue we give only one expression of pleasure at the prizes received out of the hundreds received during the last two weeks.

SIR,—Please accept my sincere thanks for the two premiums I received from the WITNESS Office, which I received some time since but have not acknowledged receipt of them. The "paint box" more than comes up to my idea of what it should be, in fact I think it is "just complete" and as for the ink-bottle it is a perfect gem in beauty; it far surpasses any conception I had as to its value. In fact money could not purchase it just for the sake of its beauty and also its oddity. I intend to keep it in remembrance of the time I worked for the managers of the WITNESS Office. It is a mystery I cannot solve how you can afford to give such very beautiful little premiums just for one new name to the WEEKLY WITNESS.

L. REEVE.

March, 19th, 1880.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE and TOBACCO PLEDGE cards will be sent to any address in Canada for $3.00 a hundred. A sample sent on application to John Dougall & Son, Montreal, Q.

ANY PERSON INTERESTED IN Manitoba would do well to buy a copy of "The Letters of Rusticus," with maps, for sale at the MESSENGER Office; 82 pages, price 30 cents. John Dougall & Son, Montreal, Q.

NOTICE.

Subscribers to this paper will find the date their subscription terminates printed after the name. Those expiring at the end of the present month will please have the remittances mailed in time.

THE CLUB RATES for the "MESSENGER" when sent to one address, are as follows:—1 copy, 30c; 10 copies, $2.50; 25 copies, $6; 50 copies, $11.50; 100 copies, $22; 1,000 copies, $200. JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal.

MONTREAL DAILY WITNESS, $3.00 a year, post-paid.

MONTREAL WEEKLY WITNESS, $1.10 a year, post-paid.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal, Q.

EPPS' COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may gradually be built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame." *Civil Service Gazette.*—Sold only in packets labelled—"James Epps & Co., Homœopathic Chemists, London, Eng."

The NORTHERN MESSENGER is printed and published on the 1st and 15th of every month, at Nos. 35 and 37 Bonaventure street, Montreal, by JOHN DOUGALL & SON, composed of John Dougall, of New York, and John Redpath Dougall and J. D. Dougall, of Montreal.